

Measure for Measure,
O R
BEAUTY
T H E
Best Advocate.

As it is ACTED

At the *THEATRE* in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Written Originally by Mr. *Shakespear* :

And now very much Alter'd ; With *Additions*
of several *Entertainments* of *MUSICK*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. Brown, at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar* ; and
R. Parker at the *Unicorn* Under the *Royal-Exchange*
in *Cornhill*. 1700.

MEN.

Escalus. Chief Minister under *Angelo* ——— *Mr. Berry.*

Claudio, { A Young Nobleman, of an Ancient Family, but Decay'd Fortune; one that Behav'd himself well in the War, privately Marry'd to *Julietta*. } Mr. Verbrugen.

Lucio, }
Balthaza, } Two Courtiers. }
Mr. Baile. }
Mr. Pack. }

Fryer Thomas.

Provost, _____ Mr. Freeman.

WOMEN.

Isabella, { Sister to *Claudio*, a Young Votary, de
 { sign'd, for want of Fortune, to a } *Mrs. Bracegirdle*.
 { Nunnery. }

Julietta, { A Lady of Considerable Fortune; but
left in the hands of a Covetous Uncle, who is a Hypocrite, and will
give Consent to none, that he may not
part with it. } Mrs. Bowman.

Mariana } A Lady of no Fortune, secretly Mar- } Mrs. Prince.
 } ry'd to *Angelo*, } }

SCENE Turin.

To Nicholas Battersby, of the Inner-
Temple, Esq;

S I R,

I Will not so far Rail at my own *Practice*, as to Exclaim against *Epistles* of this Nature, to People of the First Quality, from Persons below 'em: However, I think, 'tis much more Reasonable, to Express our Gratitude to a private Friend in the best manner we can; than Court one, to be so, who values neither the *Man*, nor his *Dedication*, farther, than it Flatters his Vanity. The *Author* is not allways Guiltless of this Weakness; To shew that he is Acquainted with a *Man of Note and Dignity*, he shall Confess Favours he never Receiv'd; and, more often Petition for 'em, than he shall ever Succeed. 'Tis Pity, indeed, Men of *Generous Education and Sentiments*, shou'd be Expos'd to such Mean Things, as to have an Occasion to Complain, that there are in *England* (the Noblest Nation of *Europe*) a People, Wearing all the Marks of Grandeur and Magnificence, whose Souls wou'd, much better, Agree with the Good Husbandry of *Amsterdam* and *Geneva*. A People, Professing a Value for the *Muses*, and such as Belong to 'em; while, in the Little Care they take, to Encourage their Studies, we Discover their Concern for the *Sisters* and their *Sons* Consists in nothing more, than Promoting their Interest, and Humouring their own Conceit of Inspiration. *Praise* is ever Wellcome when it Costs Nothing: and if a Good Word, or a Fair Promise, will Engage a *Writer* to Speak Well of one that wants it, the Bargain is Cheap enough, when it can be so easily Purchas'd. Tho' a Little *Vvarmer* Assistance, wou'd, sometimes be necessary: Yet this is the Entertainment we have Generally found. And since the *Patrons* are of such Miserable Dispositions, I see no reason why we shou'd not Prefer the *Friends we Converse with*, and who are fond of Serving us, before such as Treat us, like their *Domesticks*, in every thing but Promoting us.

Exp-

The Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

Experience tells me, there are many, whose *Names* are not so often repeated, nor their *Liveries* so much seen, who Deserve as well to be Remembred, as those who Affect to be Popular, only by having it in their *Power* to do Good, tho' it is never in their *Natures*. A *Free, Easie Conversation*, a *Pleasant Temper*, and a *Readiness* to Oblige a *Friend*, in Every Thing that a Man is able; are Qualities, which will Eternally Render such a one Happy Himself, and all those Happy who know him.

That you Possess these, every body, of your Acquaintance, must Confess; tho' no Man has had more Temptation than you to Accuse his *Stars*, and consequently to be allwayes out of Humour, and Help to make your Friends as uneasie as Himself; as I have known some Persons, with whom the VWorld, being with Justice disgusted, endeavour to make those they Converse with, as wretched as themselves, in their perpetual Spleen and Vexation. The *Persecution* of a Father is sufficient to give a Man an Ill Opinion of Mankind in General; but, as yours is no more your Relation, than the *Law of Nations* has made him, you have Learn'd to Treat him with the same Indifference his *Ill Practices* have acquir'd from the rest of the VWorld: A Man must have a great deal of Good Nature, that can stand out against the Injustice and Oppression of those, who, in Duty, are bound to Protect him. But there are some Men, so Awkard in their VVicked Actions; that they make themselves Ridiculous, when they aim at being Dreadful; and, like the Person you deal with, provoke Pity rather than Terror. Folly being generally its own punishment: and those that aim at Ruining another, seldom fail of destroying themselves. I would not say so much of this in so open a place, but that I believe there are many Labouring under the same Inconvenience, who have not heart to Disingage themselves so well as you, from the Troubles of a Marry'd Life and a Family; and, to appear as Gay, in the midst of Disappointments, as if you were the Master of your Vows and Fortune. I beg you to accept this *Present*, as a Hearty Return for the many Civilities I have Receiv'd from you: and, since 'tis much more *Shakespeare* than Mine, to make it a part of your Diversion, in the Long Retirement of a *Vacation*.

I am, Sir,

Your Humble Servant.

THE PROLOGUE,

By Mr. OLDMIXON.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

TO please this Winter, we all Meanes have us'd ;
Old Playes have been Reviv'd, and New Produc'd.
But you, it seems, by Us, wou'd not be Serv'd ;
And others Thrive, while we were almost Starv'd.
Our House you daily shun'd, yet Theirs you Cram'd,
And Flock'd to see the very Plays you Damn'd.
In vain you Prais'd our Action, and our Wit ;
The best Applause is in a Crowded Pit.
In vain you said, you did their Farce despise ;
Wit won the Bays, but Farce the Golden Prize.
But that next Year, we may with them, be ev'n,
We these Instructions to our Bards have giv'n.
First bid Defiance to all Sense and Rules ;
We Live not by the Criticks, but the Fools.
Let Noise for Wit, and Whim for Humour pass,
And rise an Actor from some New Grimace.
No more let Labour'd Scenes, with Pain, be VVrought,
VVhat least is wanting in a Play, is Thought.
Let neither Dance, nor Musick be forgot,
Nor Scenes, no matter for the Sense, or Plot.
Such things we own in Shakespears days might do ;
But then his Audience did not Judge like you.
Good Sense was well receiv'd from Honest Ben ;
VVhile none wou'd suffer Flecknoes Irish Pen.
Yet, in his Son, Sleeping Monarch Reigns,
And dreadful VVar, with VVit and Sense, Maintains.
Study the Smithfield-Bards, and him, with care ;
Like those VVrite Non-sense, and, like these, you'll fare.
By this you may, the Towns Resentment sooth ;
Or, you must Starve, and we shut up our Booth. [Going, Comes Back :

Hold ; I forgot the Business of the Day ;
No more than this, VVe, for our Selves, need Say,
'Tis Purcells Musick, and 'tis Shakespears Play.

THE

The Epilogue.

Shakespeares GHOST,

Spoken by *Mr. Verbruggen,*

By the Same.

E Nough 'your Cruelty Alive I knew ;
And must I Dead be Persecuted too ?
Injur'd so much of late upon the Stage,
My Ghost can bear no more ; but comes to Rage.
My Plays, by Scriblers, Mangl'd I have seen ;
By Lifeless Actors Murder'd on the Scene.
Fat Falstaff here, with Pleasure, I beheld,
Toss off his Bottle, and his Truncheon wield :
Such as I meant him, such the Knight appear'd ;
He Bragg'd like Falstaff, and, like Falstaff, fear'd.
But when, on yonder Stage, the Knave was shewn
Ev'n by my Self, the Picture scarce was known.
Themselves, and not the Man I drew, they Play'd ;
And Five Dull Sots, of One poor Coxcomb, made.
Hell ! that on you such Tricks as these shou'd pass,
Or I be made the Burden of an Ass !
Oh ! if Machbeth, or Hamlet ever pleas'd,
Or Desdemona e'r your Passions rais'd ;
If Brutus, or the Bleeding Cæsar e'r
Inspir'd your Pity, or provok'd your Fear,
Let me no more endure such Mighty Wrongs,
By Scriblers Folly, or by Actors Lungs.
So, late may Betterton forsake the Stage,
And long may Barry Live to Charm the Age.
May a New Otway Rise, and Learn to Move
The Men with Terror, and the Fair with Love !
Again, may Congreve, try the Commic Strain ;
And Wycherly Revive his Ancient Vein :
Else may your Pleasure prove your greatest Curse ;
And those who now Write dully, still Write worse.

Measure

Measure for Measure, &c.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Large HALL in the Palace.

On one Side Enter *Lucio*. On the other *Balthazar*.

Lucio.

WHat, *Balthazar* Return'd from the Wars?
Bal. Ev'n as you see, Friend *Lucio*, spight of
 Now *Mars* is gon to take a Nap till Spring, (Bullets
 I, that hate Idleness, seek other Warfare :

Love, Love, my *Lucio*, Love ; this Winter Season
 Will find me Work ; and, if there are, in *Turin*,
 But Eyes, of any Colour, Blew, Gray, Black,
 My Courage will Attack 'em.

Luc. Hold ! my Friend :

You that go a Volunteering to the Wars,
 And rather than not Fight, seek Forraign Quarrels,
 When your own Prince has none, must go seek Love
 In other Countrys too, if you'd be safe.

Balth. Safe? sure there are yet some Sound in *Twin*.

Luc. Oh! you mistake me, Sir ; but were there none,
 You might Compound that Mischief for some Pain :
 At worst, but pay a Limb : but, as things go,
 Your Neck, or nothing, Segnior, now will do.

Balth. Prithee be plain.

Luc. Why thus it is then, mind me ;
 Our Duke is gon, Incognito, to Travel.

Bal. That I have heard : And that Lord *Angelo*
 Is left his Deputy.

Luc. Right, Sir ; And whether
 The Novelty of Pow'r thus turns his Brain :
 Or, that the Body-Politic's a Horse,

B

Rid

Rid by the Governour; who, newly seated,
 Lets it strait feel the Spur, that it may know
 He can Command; I'll not decide; but he
 Awakes those Drowsy and Neglected Laws,
 Whose Grinding Penaltys has made 'em Sleep
 These Nineteen years, to get himself a Name.

Balth. What's that to Love, Friend *Lucio*?

Luc. Be Patient:

And know, Lord *Angelo's* a Man; whose Blood
 Is very Snow-Broth: one, who never feels
 The wanton Stings, and Motions of the Senses.
 He, from those Laws, has now pick'd out an Act
 That Dooms Unlicens'd Love t'immediate Death.

I al. Death! there's a Law, sure 'twas made by Eunuchs.

Luc. No, no by Old State-Cuckolds, formal Hypocrites,
 And Underperforming Husbands.

Bal. Sure 'tis for Terror,
 And empty Threats alone that he has rous'd it.
 He has made no New Examples, has he yet?

Luc. I cannot say there yet is one dispatch'd;
 But every Prison in the Town is full
 Of Bauds, Pimps, and VVhoring Soldiers, like your self, Sir.
 And *Claudio*, so fam'd for every Noble Virtue,
 That proves him worthy his Illustrious Race;
 Young, Brave, and Learned, tho' he is a Noble Man.
 This *Claudio*, I say, stands now Condemn'd
 Upon this Act, and must to Morrow Dye.

Balth. You sure but Rally; Pray be Serious.

Luc. Why this is known to all the City,
 How cou'd it miss your Ears?

Balth. I just Alighted, and came to Pay my Court to the Deputy.

Luc. This is a certain Truth, and all his Friends
 Have been Repuls'd; nay, the Lord *Escalus*,
 The next in Dignity to himself, has Su'd,
 In vain, for *Claudio's* Pardon.

Bal. If 'tis so,
 How can this Sow'r Governour be pleas'd?
 With Musick, Shew, and Opera's; those
 Seldom please, where Cruelty presides:
 And yet, since I have come into the Palace,
 Pre heard the Tuning of various Instruments,
 And the troling of soft Melodious Voices.

Luc. These the Good *Escalus* prepar'd,
 In hopes to melt, and sweeten his Sour Temper;
 That when the Power of Harmony prevails,

His

His Soul may relish Mercy, more than Justice,
 For so he calls th' Extreame of this Wild Law.
 But that he may not tire him with this Musick,
 He divides the Entertainment into Four.
 But see they come.

Enter Angelo, Escalus and Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a Scare-crow of the Law,
 Setting it up to Fright the Birds of Prey,
 Till Custom make it their Pearch, and not their Terror.

Escala. Let it be Keen, and rather Cut a little,
 Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas, this Gentleman,
 Whom I wou'd Save, had a most Noble Father;
 And has, himself, perform'd most Noble Deeds
 To serve his Country, and declares he's Marry'd.

Ang. He that contemns his Countrys Laws, Sir, loses
 His fairest best Pretence of serving her:
 For Passions more, than Virtue, oft Inspire
 Hot Youth to signalize themselves in War.
 Then for his vain Pretence of Marriage, 'tis
 An Old, a Common Trick, t'evade the Laws:
 Or, if 'twere true, it was so Clandestine,
 That it deserves the Fate He now shall meet.
 What shall I say to *Julietta's* Friends?
 Whose Injur'd Honour calls upon my Justice.

Escala. Whose base Hypocrisie conceals their Malice,
 Under that Name: They wou'd not press you thus,
 Did they not hope, by *Claudio's* Death, to save
Julietta's Wealthy Fortune for themselves.
 Since the same Law, that Dooms the Man to Death,
 Condemns the Woman, after Publick Pennance,
 To end her Life within a Monastery.

Ang. No more, good *Escala*; nor let your Friendship
 Betray you to abuse the Pious *Pedro*.

Escala. Set but your self then in *Claudio's* Place;
 Love, Opportunity, Consent, and Boyling Youth,
 Have they not, in your Time, at least Alarm'd you?
 If not Compell'd you to the like Transgression?

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escala*,
 Another thing to fall: 'tis no Excuse
 For his Transgression, that I have my Failings;
 Yet, when I fail so, so let me be Sentenc'd.
 Ha! *Belthazar*! I saw you not, How long Arriv'd?

Bal. But just alighted, Sir; for my Duty,
 To kiss your Hands, forbid Delays of Dress.

Ang. 'Tis well; no Flattery.

B 2

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, here is
Count *Claudio's* Sister, designs Access.

Ang. Admit her—his Sister *Escalus*, if
I mistake not, left without a Fortune ;
Tho' Beautiful, and Young ; designs to spend
Her Life in the Bless'd Refuge of a Cloister.

Escala. She does my Lord ; but e'r she go, I hope
She may do this Good Deed, to save her Brother.

Ang. Do you then think my Purposes, like Womens,
To be dissolv'd by Whining Prayers and Tears ?

Enter Isabella.

She's Beautiful indeed. Your Will, fair Maid ?

Isa. I am a Mournful Suiter to your Grace,
If you'll vouchsafe to hear me.

Ang. Well ; Your Suit ?

Isa. I have a Brother that's Condemn'd to Dye.
I do beseech you, let it be his Fault,
And not Himself.

Escala. Heav'n give thee moving Graces.

Ang. Condemn the Fault, and yet the Actor spare ;
Why every Fault's condemn'd e'r it be done.
Mine were the very Cypher of a Function,
To fine the Faults, whose Fines stand on Record ;
And set the Actor Free.

Isa. But, Sir, my Brother
Is by Misfortune, more than Guilt, betray'd
To the hard Censure of the Law. He's Marry'd,
But wanting Witness of the Holy Contract,
The Blind Dead Letter claims him as a Forfeit.

Ang. Be not deceiv'd with vain pretence of Virtue ;
How easie 'tis for Criminals to escape,
If we Believe but what they dare Assert.

Isa. Allow us Time then but to send to France,
For the Good Father that he Names.

Ang. Delays,
Are what he seeks to avoid the Stroak,
By some Sinister means. No ; he must Dye.

Isa. Must he needs Dye ?

Ang. There is no Remedy.

Isa. Yes ; I believe that you might Pardon him,
And neither Heav'n nor Man Grieve at the Mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isa. You

Isa. You can then if you wou'd.

Ang. That which I shou'd not do, I cannot do.

Isa. You may, Sir, do it, and not wrong the World.
Oh! that the softness of my Heart were yours.

Ang. He's sentenc'd, 'tis too late.

Elsa. You are too cold.

Isa. Too late! I who have spoke a Word may call
The meaning back; no Ceremony,
No Ornament, that to the great belongs;
Not the Kings Crown, nor the deputed Sword:
The Marshals Truncheon, or the Judges Robe,
Becomes them with so beautiful a Grace,
As Mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you might have err'd like him,
But he, like you, wou'd not have been so stern.

Ang. Ha! my Soul! how near she strikes on Truth.
I pray begun.

Isa. Oh! that you were *Isabella* Suing,
And I invested with your Power, you soon
Shou'd see the Sorrow of a Sisters Tears
Shou'd cleanse the foulness of a Brothers fault.

Elsa. That's the Vein, touch it boldly, Madam.

Ang. He's forfeit to the Law, you lose your time.

Isa. Alas! alas! all Souls were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the Remedy. What wou'd you do,
If he, who on the utmost top of Heights,
On Judges sits, shou'd judge you as you are.

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid, it is the Law,
Not I, condemns him, if he were my Son
He dy'd to morrow.

Isa. To morrow! he's not prepar'd, spare, oh! spare him!
Let Mercy speak, Oh! give him time, the Guilty
In this are Numerous, yet none have dy'd.
And if he must, Oh! let him dye Prepar'd.

Ang. That none have dy'd, has made the Law contemn'd;
The Number of Offenders had been less
Had the first suffer'd.

Isa. My Brother has some Plea,
For he is Married; not like others Guilty,
Save in Appearance.

Ang. The Law only Judges
Of things as they appear, and then he's guilty.

Isa. You shou'd instruct the Law: Oh! shew some Pity.

[aside:

Ang. i

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew Justice,
For then I pity those I do not know,
When Pardon'd Crimes, might teach 'em to offend,
Be satisfy'd your Brother dyes to morrow.

Isa. So you must be the first that gives this Sentence,
And he the first that suffers.

Elsa. That's well urg'd.

Isa. If Men cou'd Thunder

As great *Jove* does, we ne'r shou'd be at quiet,
For every Cholerik petty Officer
Wou'd use the Magazeen of Heaven for Thunder;
Nothing but Thunder: Oh! Merciful Heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp and Sulphurous Bolt,
Dost split the Knotty and Obdurat *Oak*,
Than the soft *Mirtle*. Oh! but Man, Proud Man,
(Dress'd in a little *Breef* Authority,
Most ignorant of what he thinks himself
Assur'd) In his frail Glassy Essence, like
An Angry *Ape*, plays such Fantastick Tricks,
Before High Heav'n, as wou'd make Angels laugh,
If they were Mortal, and had Spleens like us.

Elsa. To him, he will relent, I find him coming.

Ang. Why shew you all this Passion before me?

Isa. Authority, tho' it may err like others,
Yet has a kind of Medicine in it's self
That skins the top of Vice; knock at your Bosom,
And ask your Heart, Sir, if it knows no Crime
That's like my Brothers, if it does, then let it
Ne'r give Sentence from your Tongue against his Life.

Ang. Ha! She speaks such pointed Truths, that wounds
My guilty Soul, — farwell.

[going.]

Isa. Ha, my Lord turn back.

Ang. I will consider — come again anon.

Elsa. Away, enough.

Isa. All Blessings on your Excellence.
At what hour shall I attend you, Sir?

Ang. Soon as the Opera is over.

Isa. Angels Preserve you.

[Exit.]

Ang. From thee — ev'n from thy Virtue.

What's this I feel? Is it her fault or mine?

The Tempter, or the Tempted? Who sins most? Ha!

Not She; nor does She Tempt, but it is I,

That lying by the Violet, in the Sun,

Corrupt, like Carrion, by his friendly Beams,

But Ripen not like the Flower into Sweets.

[Aside.]

Elsa. He's

Eſca. He's grown Thoughtful, I hope he's won.

Ang. Can Virtue win us more to Vice, than Vice ?

Oh! fie! fie! fie! What doſt thou *Angelo*?

Is it her Virtue, that thou lov'ſt? oh! no!

Thou falſe and deluding Guide, who in Diſguiſe

Of Virtues ſhape, leadſt us thro' Heav'n to Hell!

No Vicious Beauty cou'd with Praſtis'd Art,

Subdue my Heart like Virgin Innocence.

I'll think no more on't, but with Muſick chaſe

Away the Guilty Image.

Muſick they ſay can Calm the ruffled Soul,

I'm ſure a mighty Tempeſt ruffles mine.

[*aſide.*]

My Lord, if your Diverſions now are ready

I am diſpos'd to ſee 'em.

Eſc. Pleaſe you to ſit, they wait but your Command.

Luc. Begin the *Opera*, the Deputy attends.

They all ſit

The *LOVES* of *Dido* and *Aeneas*, a *MASK*, in Four *MUSICAL* ENTERTAINMENTS.

The *Fiſt* Entertainment.

Enter *QUEEN DIDO*, *Belinda*, and *Train*.

Belinda *SINGS*.

Bel. **S**hake the Cloud from off your Brow,
Fate your Wiſhes does Allow;

Empire Crowing,

Pleaſures Flowing;

Fortune Smiles, and ſo ſhou'd you,

Shake the Cloud from off your Brow.

Cho. Banish Sorrow, Banish Care,
Grief ſhou'd ne're approach the Fair.

Dido. Ah! *Belinda* I am preſt,
With Torment not to be Confeſt:
Peace and I are ſtrangers grown,
I languish till my Grief is known,
Yet wou'd not have it Gueſt.

Bel. Grief Encreaſing, by Concealing.

Dido. Mine admits of no Revealing.

Bel. Then let me ſpeak, the *Trojan* gueſt,
Into your Tender Thoughts has preſt.

2 *Woman.* The greateſt Bleſſing Fate can give,
Our *Carthage* to ſecure, and *Troy* revive.

Cho. When Monarchs unite, how happy their State,
They Triumph at once o'er their Foes and their Fate.

Dido. Whence

Dido. *Whence cou'd so much Virtue Spring,
What Storms, what Battles did he Sing,
Anchises Valour mixt with Venus's Charms,
How soft in Peace, and yet how fierce in Arms.*

Bel. *A Tale so strong and full of Wo,
Might melt the Rocks as well as you.*

2 Woman. *What stubborn Heart unmov'd cou'd see,
Such Distress, without Pity,*

Dido. *Mine with Storms of Care oppress'd,
Is Taught to without the Distress.
Mean Wretches grief can Touch,
So soft so sensible my Breast.
But ah! I fear, I pity his too Much.*

Bel. and then } *Fear no Danger to ensue,*
the Cho. } *The Hero Loves as well as you ;
Ever Gentle, ever Smiling,
And the Cares of Life beguiling.
Cupid's strew your path with Flowers,
Gather'd from Elizian Bowers,*

} Dance to
this Cho.
}

Enter Æneas with his Train.

Bel. *See your Royal Guest appears,
How God-like is the forme he bears,*

Æn. *When Royal fair shall I be blest,
With cares of Love, and state Distress.*

Dido. *Fate forbids what you Pursue,*

Æn. *Æneas has no Fate but you,
Let Dido Smile, and I'll defie,
The feeble stroke of Destiny.*

Cho. *Cupid only Throws the Dart,
That's Dreadful to a Warriour's Heart ;
And she that wounds can only cure the Smart,*

Æn. *If not for mine, for Empires Sake,
Some pity on your Lover take.
Ah! make not, in a hopeless Fire,
A Hero fall, and Troy once more Expire,*

Bel. *Pursue thy Conquest, Love — her Eyes,
Confess the Flame her Tongue denies,*

Cho. *To the Hills and the Vales, to the Rocks and the Mountains,
To the Musical Groves, and the cool shady Fountains,
Let the Triumph of Love and of Beauty be shown,
Go Revel ye Cupids the Day is your own.*

The Triumphant Dance.

Ang. This

Ang. This Musick is no Cure for my Distemper ;
For, every Note, to my Enchanted Ears,
Seem'd to Sing only *Isabella's* Beauty,
Her Youth, her Beauty, and her Tender Pity
Combine to ruin me ! Ha ! Dost thou then
Desire her foully ? Let her Brother Live.
Thieves, for their Robbery, have Authority,
When Judges steal themselves. Then I do Love her,
That I desire to hear her Speak again :
Her Tongue, alas ! will but Increase my Pain :
Strange Witchery of Love.
We are uneasie with its raging Fire ;
Yet seek the Object to encrease Desire,
Whose Fury else, wou'd, of it self, Expire.

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ROOM in the Pallace.

Enter Angelo Alone.

Ang. **W**Hen I wou'd Pray, and Think ; I Think, and Pray
To severall Objects ! Heav'n has my empty Words,
But *Isabella* Engrosses all my Thoughts.
Affairs of State, of late my Darling Study,
Are, like a Good Thing often Read, grown Tedious :
And, my Vain Gravity, I've been so proud of,
I now cou'd change for idle Plumes that Wanton
In the Air ; and like Gay Youthful Drefs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Sister, Sir, of *Claudio*, desires Access.

Ang. Shew her the way. O ! Heaven ! Why does my Blood
Thus muster to my Heart, making it unable
To execute its Office, and robbing other parts
Of what, in lesser streams, they would make useful.

C

So

Measure for Measure.

So deal officious Throngs, with him that Swoons ;
 They Flock to help him, but stop up the Air,
 With which he shou'd Revive : And so,
 The Numerous Subjects of a King Belov'd,
 Quit their own Home, and, with Rude Fondness, Press me
 Into his Presence ; where their Untaught Love
 Must needs appear Offensive.

Enter Isabella.

Ang. Well *Isabella*.

Isa. I'm come to know your Pleasure.

Ang. That you did know it, wou'd much better Please me,
 Than to Demand what 'tis. Your Brother Dies.

Isa. If he must Die, then I've no more to say.

Ang. Yet he may live awhile, nay, as long as
 You or I, yet must he Dye.

Isa. Under your Sentence ?

Ang. Yes.

Isa. When I Beseech you ? that in his Reprieve,
 (Longer or Shorter) he may be so fitted,
 That his Soul may not Suffer with his Body.

Ang. And yet it were as good to Pardon him,
 That has, from Nature, Stol'n a Man already
 Made, as to permit their Saucy Sweetness ;
 Who Coin Heaven's Image in a Stamp forbidden.

Isa. That is set down in Heaven but not on Earth.

Ang. How ? say you so ? then I shall quickly Pose you.
 Which had you rather, that your Brother Dye,
 By this Just Law ? or else, to save his Life,
 Give up your Self to the same Blemish,
 That she now suffers, whom your Brother Stain'd.

Isa. I'd rather give my Body then my Soul.

Ang. I Talk not of your Soul ; our compell'd sins
 Stand more for Number, than Account.

Isa. How, Sir ?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; but Answer me.
 I (now the Voice of the Recorded Law)
 Pronounce the Sentence on your Brother's Life.
 Might there not be a Charity in Sin
 To save that Life ?

Isa. If to Pardon him be Sin,
 Heav'n, let me bear it ! It shall be my Pray'r,
 To have it added to my Faults, not yours.

Ang. Nay, but mind me ; your Sense pursues not mine ;
 'Or you'r Ignorant, or Craftily would seem so ;

And

And that's not good. Then marke me, *Isabel* ;
I'll speak more plain—Your Brother is to Dye.

Isa. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his Life,
(Nor subscribe I that, but by way of Question)
But the Surrender of your Youth and Beauty
To the Embraces of a Man, whose power
With me his Judge, cou'd free him from this Danger ?
What wou'd you do ?

Isa. For him, as for my self :

Th' Impressions of sharp VWhips, I'd wear as Rubys,
And ship my self to Death, as to a Bed,
Er I wou'd yield my Honour up to Shame.

Ang. Then must your Brother Dye.

Isa. And better 'twere that he should Dye a while,
Then, for his Ransome, I shou'd Dye for ever.

Ang. Then are not you as Cruel as the Law,
That you have Slander'd so ?

Isa. Lawful Mercy, Sir,
Is not at all A-kin to Foul Redemption.

Ang. We all are frail.

Isa. Else let my Brother Dye.

Ang. Nay — VWomen are frail too.

Isa. Yes, as the Glasses, where they View themselves,
VWomen are soft, as their Complexions ; easie
To take a false Impression on their Credulous Minds.

Ang. I do Arrest your Words—Be what you are—
That is, a Woman— If you'r more, you'r none.

If you are one, as your Bright Form assures,
Then shew it now.

Isa. I understand you not.

Ang. Know then, I Love you.

Isa. My Brother Lov'd *Julietta*,
And you've just told me he must dye for it.

Ang. No : he shall live, if you'l reward my Love.

Isa. Securely from your Power you take a License,
To seem what you are not, to fathom others.

Ang. Believe me, on my Honour, I do Love thee ;
Nor can I Live, unless thou make me happy.

Isa. My Lord, This is too Palpable.

Ang. By Heaven !

By what I most Desire, thy Charming Self,
Thy Words exprefs my Purpose.

Isa. If, my Lord (you Love with Honour,) you will not deny
That, I with Honour Ask.

Ang. Our Contest is
On Empty Names, Grim Justice, and Stern Honour.
Drive thou that Fantome from thy Downy Breast,
And give a loofe to more Substantial Joys.
And I will Shackle up Destroying Justice,
And give thy Brother his Requested Life.

Isa. I am Amaz'd.

Ang. How can't thou doubt thy Eyes,
Whose warmth can melt Proud Virtue into Lust.
Fire Ages icy Winter, with Desires
As Fierce, and Uncontrollable, as Youth.
Behold me, Maid ! 'Spight of my Rigid Nature,
And the Acqui'd Severiry of Custom
Before thy Eyes, grow soft, as Luxury ;
Intemperate, as thoughtless *Libertines* ;
And Rash, and Unadvised, as Youthful Love :
Yes, *Isabell* ; I that have Condemn'd thy Brother.
I, whom Law binds, to see him Suffer Death,
Sell, for a Smile, my Fame, my Honour, Justice.

Isa. I will Proclaim thee, *Angelo*, look for't :
Sign me a present Pardon for my Brother,
Or, I will tell the World Aloud, what Man
Thou art.

Ang. Who will believe you, *Isabel* ?
My Name Unfally'd, and my Life Austere ;
My Word against you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will stifle all your single Voice can Publish.
And thus, secure, I give Desire the Reins ;
Yield to my Passion, or, your Brother shall
Not only Dye, but Dye in Burning Tuments.

Isa. To whom shall I Complain ? If I tell this,
Who will believe me ?

Ang. You have Consider'd right.
This is a Day of Joy, our Good Dukes Birth-Day ;
And, in Compliance with Lord *Escalus*,
I have Devoted it to Mirth and Pastime :
And Love has given a taste of Harmony,
Till now I knew not ; If you will partake,
Go with me to the Hall, where now they wait me
It may disarm you of your froward Virtue,
And make you relish Pleasure.

Isa. How ill Men
Pervert most Heav'nly things ! No ; I'll away,
And bid my Brother for his Death Prepare.

Ang. Consider on it, and at Ten this Evening ;

Measure for Measure.

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If you'll comply, you'll meet me at the *Opera*.

[Exit,

Isa. Oh! let me fly from this deceitful World,
To Virgin Cloisters, the Retreat of Truth,
Where Arts of Men are banish'd from our Ears;
Remov'd from all the Anxious Roads of Fears.
But to m'expecting Brother first I'll go,
And end his hopes on this false *Angelo*.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Changes to the great Hall.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, &c.

Esc. MY Lord, I hope your Fair Petitioner
At length prevails.

Ang. What, am I so ill known,
To think I'd barter Justice for weak Pray'rs,
Or sell the Laws for a fond Womans Tears?
I fear, my Lord, because I thus comply,
To wear the Gaiety this day requires;
Attend your Sports, and listen to your *Musick*.
You think my Soul Enervate! without force!
That I am grown a Boy.

Esc. No, my good Lord,
I have no cause to Censure what I seek,
These shews, my Loyal Love prepar'd, and that
You please to share 'em gives me double Joy,
The Pleasure's Noble, as 'tis Innocent.

Ang. I do allow it — come let 'em begin.

The Second Entertainment.

Belinda SINGS.

Bel. Thanks to these Lovesome Vales,
These Desert Hills and Dales.
Repeat this, So Fair the Game, so Rich the Sport,
Cho. Diana's self might to these woods resort.
2. *Wom.* Oft she visits this lov'd Mountain,
Oft she baths her in this Fountain.
Here Acteon met his Fate,
Pursu'd by his own Hounds,
And after Aortal Wounds,
Discover'd, Discover'd, too too late.

En. Behold upon my bending Spear,
A Monsters Head stand's Bleeding,
With Tusshes far exceeding,
Those did Venus Huntsmen Tear.

Dido. The

Dido. *The Skies are Clouded, heark, how Thunder
Fends the Mountain Oaks assunder;
Hast, hast to Town, this open Field,
No shelter from the Storm can yield.*

[Thunder.

[Exit.

The Spirit of the Sorcerers descends to Æneas in likeness of Mercury.

Spir. *Stay Prince and hear great Joves Command.
He Summons thee this Night away.*

Æn. *To Night?*

Spir. *To Night thou must forsake this Land,
The Angry God will brook no longer stay.
Jove Commands thee, wast no more
In Loves delights tho'e Precious Hours,
Allow'd by the Almighty Powers,
To gain the Hesperian shore,
And Ruin'd Troy restore.*

Æn. *Jove's Commands shall be Obey'd,
To Night our Anchors shall be weigh'd;
But ha! What Language can I try,
My injur'd Queen to pacify?
No sooner she resigns her Heart,
But from her Arms i'm forc't to part.
How can so hard a Fate be took,
One Night Enjoy'd, the next forsook?
Yours be the Blame, ye Gods, for I,
Obey your will — but with more ease cou'd dye.
"Direct me, friends, what Choice to make,
"Since Love and Fame together press me,
"And with equal Force distress me.
"Say what Party I shall take.*

1 Fr. *Resistless Jove Commands —*

2 Fr. *But Love
More Resistless then Jove's.*

Æn. *But Fame Alcander.*

2 Fr. *Fame's a Bubble,
Honour but a Glorious Trouble,
A vain Pride of Destroying,
Alarming and Arming,
And Toiling and Moulding,
And never Enjoying.*

1 Fr. *'Twas that gave Hector,*

2 Fr. *What?*

1 Fr. *Renown and Fame.*

2 Fr. *An empty Name,
And Lamentable Fate.*

1 Fr. 'Twas

Measure for Measure.

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1 Fr. 'Twas Noble and Brave.

2 Fr. 'Twas a Death for a Slave.

1 Fr. His Valour and Glory,
Shall flourish in Story.

2 Fr. While he rots in his Grave.

Æn. Ye Sacred Powers instruct me how to choose,
When Love or Empire I must lose.

Æn. & Cho. Love without Empire Trifling is and Vain,
And Empire without Love a Pompous Pain,

Exeunt.

Enter Sorcerers and Witches.

Cho. Then since our Charms have sped,
A merry Dance be led,
By the Nymphs of Carthage to please us,
They shall all Dance to ease us.
A Dance that shall make the Spheres to Wonder,
Rending those Fair Groves asunder.

The Grove Dance.

The SCENE the Cave Rises. The Witches appear.

Enter Sorcerers.

She SINGS.

Sorc. **W**eyward Sisters, you that right,
The lonely Traveller by Night;
Who like Dismal Ravens Crying,
Beat the Windows of the Dying.
Appear at my Call, and share in the Fame,
Of a Mischief shall make all Carthage Flame.

Enter Witches.

Witch. Say, Beldam, what's thy will?

Cho. Harm's our Delight, and Mischief all our Skill.

Sorc. The Queen of Carthage, whom we hate,
As we do all in Prosperous State,
E're Sun set shall most Wretched prove,
Depriv'd of Fame, of Life, and Love.

Cho. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. &c.

Witch. Run'd e're the set of Sun,
Tell us how shall this be done?

Sorc. The Trojan Prince you know is bound,
By Fate to seek Italian Ground;

The

Measure for Measure.

*The Queen and he are now in Chase,
Hark, the Cry comes on apace.
But when they've done, my Trusty Elf,
In Form of Mercury himself,
As sent from Jove, shall Chide his stay,
And charge him Sail to night with all his Fleet away.*

Cho. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, &c.*

Sorc. and } *But ere we this perform,*

Witch. } *We'll Conjure for a Storm.*

*To Mar their Hunting Sport,
And drive 'em back to Court.*

Eccho. *In our deep vaulted Cell the Charm we'll prepare,
Too Dreadful a Practice for this open Air.*

Eccho Dance of Furies.

At the end of the Dance Six Furies Sink. The four open the Cave fly up.

*Ang. All will not do : All won't divert my Pain,
The Wound enlarges by these Medicines,
'Tis She alone can yield the Healing Balm.
This Scene just hits my case ; her Brothers danger,
Is here the storm must furnish Blest Occasion ;
And when, my Dido, I've Possess'd thy Charms,
I then will throw thee from my glutted Arms,
And think no more on all thy soothing Harms.*

} *Exit.*

SCENE Changes to the Prison.

Enter Duke, dress'd like a Fryer, and with him Fryer Thomas.

Duk. **T**Hink not I've chang'd my Ducal Robes for these,
Because I Love — no 'tis a cause more wrinkl'd
Has made me assume this Habit, tho' your Duke.
We have strict Statutes, and sharp Penal Laws,
Which I have suffer'd Nineteen years to sleep,
Ev'n like an over-grown Lion, in a Cave,
That goes not out to Prey. *But as fond Fathers*
So long stick up the Rod for Terror, that

The bold Child contemns it, so our Decrees,
Dead to Infliction, to themselves are dead,
And forward Liberty does Justice strike:
As Infants do the Nurse: Wherefore I have
Fixt all my Pow'r in *Angelo*, that he
May wake these drowsie Laws to Execution.

Fryer. Ty'd up Justice, Sir, you soon might loose;
And 'twou'd more dreadful seem in you than *Angelo*.

Duke. Too dreadful, Sir, in me: ——— for since it was
My fault to give the People so much Hope,
It may seem Tyranny to punish them
For what my own Permission bid them act:
For Pow'r that hinders not ill Deeds, commands them.

Fryer. I am convinc'd.

Duke. I have on *Angelo* impos'd
Th' unpleasant Pow'r of punishing; while I
In this Disguise may visit Prince and People:
And hear how both approve this means I've taken.

Fryer. You find already how you've been mistaken
In *Angelo*, you so long thought a Saint:
And I am glad I've found this way to help
The injur'd *Mariana*.

Duke. But that she told it
In her Confession, I should yet doubt the Truth
That *Angelo* is her true married Husband
While he has made his false severity
Bawd to his Fame, and Broaker to his Vice
Of Avarice. This makes me, Father,
By your Assistance try to speak with *Claudio*,
To sift, and know if what Report has spread,
Be true, of his being married to *Julietta*.

Fryer. 'Twill not be difficult; because we always
Go forth in Pairs, ev'n to these Deeds of Goodness:
But see the Provost.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Hail to thee, Provost, so I think you are.

Prov. I am the Provost: What's your Will, good Fathers?

Fryer. Bound by our Charity and holy Orders,
We come to visit the afflicted Minds
In Prison here; Do us the common Right
To let us see 'em, and to tell their Crimes,
That we may minister according to their nature.

Prov. I wou'd do more than that if more were needful.

D

This,

The

This, Sir, is *Claudio*,

Enter Claudio.

Who dies to morrow for uncertain Crimes,
For Innocence that wants a Proof, is Guilt.

Duke. Must he then die?

Prov. I think to morrow.

I'll leave him to your pious Exhortations.

Exit.

Claud. There is no Rack so painful in this Prison,
As that which stretches me 'twixt Hope and Doubt.

Duke. Blessings on you, Son, I've heard your Fortune:
And as the Duty of my Orders bid me,
I wou'd exhort you to a true Repentance.

Claud. O Fathers, I rejoice at your Arrival:
For it will ease me of my greatest Pain.

Duke. This pious Disposition's a good Sign
That you repent the Sin that brought you hither.

Claud. 'Twas not my Sin, but Folly brought me hither:
And yet it was a Sin to wish for ought
Beyond Possession of so pure a Virtue.
You say you are no stranger to my Story:
You then have heard too of a Lady's Suff'rings,
Which I thro' Avarice, alas, have caus'd.
That, that, my Fathers, is the Sin that racks me;
That haunts my Conscience; and that only you
Can e'er appease: For oh! a Lady's Honour
And lost for me, is a more cruel Murder,
Than if I'd ta'en her Life.

Duke. Have Comfort, Son; for Heav'n,
Indulgent to our Frailty, is content
To take our Penitence, if it be true,
For our Transgressions.

Claud. Oh! Heaven is merciful;
Because 'tis wise and just, and knows our Sorrows:
But Man by Ignorance, jealous of our Hearts,
Or else by his own Passions, led from Goodness,
Still deviates from the beauteous Paths of Mercy,
And seldom keeps the noble Tracks of Justice.
Oh, hear me then: I look on you as Heaven: — [Kneels.]
(For we are taught you represent high Heaven
By Delegation too possess its Power of Mercy)
My Birth was Noble, tho' my Fortune small,
Which is a Clog upon a generous Soul,
That might excuse the Caution that I us'd,
When to secure the mighty Dowr of *Jules*
I married her in private.

Duke. Then are you married?

Claud.

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Claud. I call all Heav'n to witness that we are,
A Father of your Order joyn'd our Hands.

Fryer. His Name, my Son.

Claud. 'Twas Father *Pierre*, not long
Return'd to *France* to his own Monastery,
I've writ to him; but the too cruel Deputy,
Press'd by the barb'rous Avarice of *Pedro*,
Will not expect his Answer.

Duke. Rise up, my Son.

Claud. No, my good Father, till I have your Promise
To justify immediately *Julietta's* Honour.

Duke. We promise our Endeavour, Sir, to do it.

Claud. Avouch it as my dying Oath, by all
My Hopes of Happiness hereafter,
She is my Wife. There being a doubtful Clause
In her Father's Will in favour of this *Pedro*,
Her Guardian, we conceal'd our Wedding,
Till being out of his Wardship, and possess'd
Of all her Fortune, she might own it
Without so great a Hazard. But oh! that
He had taken all, had she but escap'd
This hateful Scandal, that I'm sure must torture
Her nice and vertuous Soul.

[*Rises.*]

Duke. Who is this *Pedro*?

Claud. The Deputy's *Privado*, his Right-hand;
One that by well-acted Piety has gain'd
Trusts from believing Friends that think him honest
To ruin their Children, and enrich himself.
And thus he hopes by pushing on my Death,
To have her too on the same Law confin'd
Within a Cloyster's Walls during her Life,
And so secure himself her wealthy Dowr.

Duke. Son, Put your trust in Heav'n, that can relieve
When least you hope it, I'll do my endeavour
To help your Fortune; but if my Pow'r's too small
T' assist in that, I will still help your Soul.

Claud. I thank you, Fathers, and desire your Prayers.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. I am confirm'd he's innocent of this,
Tho' his most watchful Foe has taken this time
To make him suffer:

Enter Frowst and Julietta.

But who is this?

Prov. The Lady, Sir, with Child by *Claudio*,
But by strict Order of the Deputy confin'd
From farther Commerce with him; Your Advice

May feed her much, good Fathers.

Duke. Repent, you Fair One, of the Sin you carry.

Ful. I do repent me of my Sins, good Father :
But sure the Blessings of the Marriage-bed
Can be no Sin.

Duke. You may amuse your self
With the firm Vows of him you call your Husband ,
His secret Contracts and his plighted Faith :
But these, my Daughter, will not save the Sin :
They're oft the giddy Rashness of hot Youth,
Which it repents, and breaks without a Pang.

Ful. 'Tis true, I am a Woman frail and ignorant :
But yet my Honour and Religion joyn'd,
Have taught me the full Knowledge of this Point ;
And we are marry'd with all those holy Rites
The Church ordains : The pious Father *Pierre*
Of your good Order, joyn'd our Hands in private :
'Tis true, for worldly Cause , and for that Fault
I take this Shame most patiently.

Duke. Can you forgive the Cause of this your Infamy ?
Can you love still the Man that seems to've wrong'd you ?

Ful. Yes, as I love the Woman that wrong'd him,
That has undone him, taken away his Life.
O Heav'n ! prevent his Fate, or take me too.

Duke. Resign your self to Heav'n : If you're Innocent,
Be sure of Help. We'll to your Partner. [*Benedicite.*

[*Exit with the Fryer.*

Ful. Must die to morrow ! Oh, injurious Love !
That dost the Life of my sad Life remove,
Yet doom'st me still to agonizing Breath,
And barr'st me from the sweet Retreat of Death !
O, Heav'n ! my *Claudio* to these Arms restore ;
Or, when he dies, O let me be no more !

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Fryer, and Claudio.

Duke. **T**HEN you still hope a Pardon from Lord *Angelo* ?

Claud. The Miserable have no Ease but Hope.
I hope to live ; but am prepar'd to die.

Duke.

Measure for Measure.

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Duke. Be absolute for Death, for Death or Life
Will so the sweeter be — if you lose Life,
You lose a thing, that none but fools would keep :
A Breath that's subject to a thousand chances,
That hourly pains ev'n us that wou'd preserve it.
We are deaths Fools, whom while we strive to shun
We hasten to ; Cowards, we fear the tender fork
Of a poor Worm ; the best of Rest is Sleep ;
That we provoke, tho grossly fear our Death,
Which is no more.

Fry. Happy we're not,
For what we've not we vainly strive to gain,
And what we have, forget ; tho' rich we're poor,
For like an Ass, whose Back with Ingots bows,
We bear our heavy Riches but a Journey,
And Death unlades us.

Duke. Friends we've none :
Our very Off-spring cursing our Distempers
For ending us no sooner. We have not Youth nor Age,
But as it were an after Dinners sleep
Dreaming upon both ; Youth has no thought,
And Age no heat or taste to relish Life.
Yet Life we cherish that's thus fill'd with woe ;
But fear kind Death that makes these odds all ev'n.

Claudio. To sue to live, I find I seek to dye,
And seeking Death find Life.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Peace here, and Grace.

Duke. That wish deserves a Welcome.

Claudio. My Sister.

Duke. E'r long, my Son, again I'll see you.

Claudio. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Duke. Father *Thomas*,

Let us retire, I wou'd conceal'd overhear 'em.

Claudio. Well Sister, what's the Comfort?

[*Exit with Fryer.*]

Isa. Why as all worldly Comforts use to be
Lord *Angelo* having Affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his swift Ambassadour ;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To morrow you set out.

Claudio. Is there no Remedy ?

Isa. Yes, Brother, you may live.
There is a devilish mercy in the Judge,
That will if you'll implore it, free your Life.
But fetter you till Death.

Claudio.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isa. Tis worse, more painful too, than Racks and Tortures,
For 'tis a rack of Mind.

Claud. But of what Nature?

Isa. 'Tis such, as shou'd you give it your consent,
Wou'd leave you stript of all your wreaths of War,
And shew you naked to the scornful World.

Claud. Let me know my Doom.

Isa. If I cou'd fear thee *Claudio*, I should weep,
Lest thou a shameful life should'st now prefer,
And six or seven short Winters more respect,
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou dye?
The sense of Death is most in Apprehension,
And the small Beetle when we tread on it
In corporal Sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Gyant dyes.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can Resolution fetch
From flowing tenderness? If I must dye,
I'll welcome Darkness as a shining Bride,
And hug it in my Arms.

Isa. There spoke my Brother, there my Fathers Grave
Sent forth a chearful Voice, yes, you must dye;
Thou art too Noble, to preserve thy Life
By such base means. This outward rigid Saint,
Does in his gracious Looks disguise the Devil.
His filth within being cast, he wou'd appear
A pond as foul as Hell.

Claud. What *Angelo*?

Isa. Oh! he is uglier, than a Fiend confess'd:
Speak *Claudio*, cou'd you think it, you may live
If to his Lust I'd Sacrifice my Honour.

Claud. Impossible! it cannot be! — Hypocrite.

Isa. Yes, he that wou'd not hear your Innocence,
Would quit you now of the most horrid Guilt,
Give you a Licence to Sin on securely,
Wou'd I consent to be more black than he is.
This Night's the time that he would have me do,
What I abhor to name, or else you dye
To Morrow.

Claud. By Heav'n thou shalt not do it.

Isa. Oh! were it but my Life, dear *Claudio*,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance,
Without the least delay.

Claud. Thanks my Dear Sister.

Isa.

Isa. Since nothing but my Honour can Redeem you,
Prepare to dye to Morrow.

Clau. Hah! — to Morrow?

But *Isabella*!

Isa. What says my Brother?

Clau. Death is a fearful thing!

Isa. But Infamy more hateful.

Sure you have study'd what it is to dye.

Clau. Oh! Sister, tis to go we know not whither;
To lye a kneaded Clod in the dark Grave,
And have this sensible warm motion end.
Or getting get another of crawling Worms;
That springs from every part of our Corruption.
The Spirit perhaps must bathe in fiery Floods,
Or shiver in shrilling Regions of rib'd Ice:
Or be imprison'd in the viewless Winds;
And blown with restless Violence round about
This pendant World, or if condemn'd like those
Whom our uncertain Thoughts imagine howling.
Oh! 'tis too horrible, and the most loath'd Life,
That Age or Ach, or Want, or Imprisonment
Can lay on Nature is a Paradise,
To what we fear of Death.

Isa. Alas! alas!

Clau. Ah! My Dear Sister, I would live!

Isa. Ha! Live d'ye say? O you base one!
O! faithless Coward, O dishonest Wretch,
Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?
Is't not a kind of Incest to take Life
From thy own Sisters shame? But sure thou art not
My Brother! Dye, Perish, if but my word
Would save thy loathsome Life, I wou'd not speak it.
I'll pay a thousand Prayers for thy Deaths,
But not a word to save thee.

Clau. But hear me.

Isa. Oh! Fie! fie! fie! how can I think thou art Innocent?

Clau. Your over-nicery of Honour feeds
Your fancy with strange ugly forms,
That have no real Existence;
But by excess of Vertue you offend.
I said indeed, that I wou'd Live, what then?
Is't not the Voice of Nature that abhors
The fatal Separation? Then where's the Crime?

Isa. None but in living by a Crime.

Clau.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

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For 'tis a rack of Mind.

Claud. But of what Nature?

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And hug it in my Arms.

Isa. There spoke my Brother, there my Fathers Grave
Sent forth a chearful Voice, yes, you must dye;
Thou art too Noble, to preserve thy Life
By such base means. This outward rigid Saint,
Does in his gracious Looks disguise the Devil.
His filth within being cast, he wou'd appear
A pond as foul as Hell.

Claud. What *Angelo*?

Isa. Oh! he is uglier, than a Fiend confes'd:
Speak *Claudio*, cou'd you think it, you may live
If to his Lust I'd Sacrifice my Honour.

Claud. Impossible! it cannot be! — Hypocrite.

Isa. Yes, he that wou'd not hear your Innocence,
Would quit you now of the most horrid Guilt,
Give you a Licence to Sin on securely,
Wou'd I consent to be more black than he is.
This Night's the time that he would have me do,
What I abhor to name, or else you dye
To Morrow.

Claud. By Heav'n thou shalt not do it.

Isa. Oh! were it but my Life, dear *Claudio*,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance,
Without the least delay.

Claud. Thanks my Dear Sister.

Isa.

Isa. Since nothing but my Honour can Redeem you,
Prepare to dye to Morrow.

Clau. Hah!—to Morrow?

But *Isabella*!

Isa. What says my Brother?

Clau. Death is a fearful thing!

Isa. But Infamy more hateful.

Sure you have study'd what it is to dye.

Clau. Oh! Sister, tis to go we know not whither;
To lye a kneaded Clod in the dark Grave,
And have this sensible warm motion end.
Or rotting get another of crawling Worms;
That springs from every part of our Corruption.
The Spirit perhaps must bathe in fiery Floods,
Or shiver in shrilling Regions of rib'd Ice:
Or be imprison'd in the viewless Winds;
And blown with restless Violence round about
This pendant World, or if condemn'd like those
Whom our uncertain Thoughts imagine howling.
Oh! 'tis too horrible, and the most loath'd Life,
That Age or Ach, or Want, or Imprisonment
Can lay on Nature is a Paradise,
To what we fear of Death.

Isa. Alas! alas!

Clau. Ah! My Dear Sister, I would live!

Isa. Ha! Live d'ye say? O you base one!
O! faithless Coward, O dishonest Wretch,
Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?
Is't not a kind of Incest to take Life
From thy own Sisters shame? But sure thou art not
My Brother! Dye, Perish, if but my word
Would save thy loathsome Life, I wou'd not speak it.
I'll pay a thousand Prayers for thy Deaths,
But not a word to save thee.

Clau. But hear me.

Isa. Oh! Fie! fie! fie! how can I think thou art Innocent?

Clau. Your over-nicery of Honour feeds
Your fancy with strange ugly forms,
That have no real Existence;
But by excess of Vertue you offend.
I said indeed, that I wou'd Live, what then?
Is't not the Voice of Nature that abhors
The fatal Separation? Then where's the Crime?

Isa. None but in living by a Crime.

Clau.

Claud. You're right; but eagerly you cut off half my Words,
Which had imply'd that Truth: No, — my Sister, —
I have no thoughts of living on your Ruin.
My Honour's not so shrunk with my low Fortune;
And what I had to add, was for my *Juliet*,
That if you e'er did love your hapless, Brother,
Have any share in our dead Mother's Pity;
You'd take the tender Mourner to your Bosome,
And comfort her sad Soul for my Misfortunes.

Isa. First, I must ask your Pardon, injur'd *Claudio*,
For this Offence of Jealousie of Honour.
And now I do most solemnly assure thee,
I will invite her to my Breast within
A Cloyster'd Shade, where we with mutual Grief,
Will mourn in sad Remembrance your Loss.

Claud. O! rather teach her to forget that Loss.
Remembrance will keep her Grievs still waking,
Bear her this fatal Pledge of our first Vows. [*Gives a Ring.*]
Tell her how hard I think the Tyrant's Will,
That will not let us take our last Farewel:
Tell her, I have no Pang to leave this World,
But that of leaving her: That fond Desire
Of her, so heavy sits upon my Soul
It clogs its Pinions, and retards its Flight.
Tell her; — But oh! I never shou'd have done,
Shou'd I pursue the Dictates of my Heart;
Which, oh! is full of tender faithful Love.
Farewel — to happy Cloysters, both retire;
And there — O, may you ever live above
The Rage of Pow'r and Injuries of Love. [*Exit.*]

Enter Duke and Friar.

Isa. Farewel, my Brother; noble Youth, farewell!
And with thee all my Cares of earthly Things. [*is going.*]

Duke. Vouchsafe a Word with you, good Sister, but one Word.

Isa. What is your Will?

Duke. What I hope will be yours too.

Isa. My Sorrows, Father, hasten me from hence.

I beg you wou'd be brief.

Duke. The Hand that made you fair, has made you good.
Th' Assault that *Angelo* has giv'n your Vertue
Chance to my Knowledge brings. I have o'er-heard you,
And am amaz'd at *Angelo's* Hypocrisie.

Isa. How is the noble Duke deceiv'd in him?

If he return, my Injuries shall speak:

To him I will discover the Impostor.

Duke.

Measure for Measure.

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Duke. That may do well ; but he'll evade the Charge,
By vouching it a Trial, or denying all :
But hearken to me, will propose a way
Shall save your Brother and not injure you,
And get a Proof that will confound his Cunning,
If you will join and do what I propose.

Isa. O, let me hear you speak, I will do all
That Virtue will permit. Good Father, speak.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and Goodness never fearful.
You've heard of *Mariana*, *Frederick's* Sister,
Who, with her Brother, lost her Hopes and Fortune.

Isa. Both sunk at Sea, or I mistake.

Duke. Ev'n so. — This *Angelo*, then but low in Fortune,
In *Frederick's* Absence won this Maid to love him.
And fearing *Frederick's* Aversion to the Match
Shou'd hinder him from doing what he'd promis'd,
Marry'd her in private, none being by
But his own Creatures : but that same Day
News came of *Frederick's* Ship being cast away,
And with it, him, and all her Hopes of Wealth.

Isa. Thus far how like my Brother's State !

Duke. But no farther. This sordid Man convey'd
Away all proof of what was done,
And thus has left her a poor mournful Widow,
Maid and Wife.

Isa. O, base ungrateful Villain !

Duke. She loves him still, ungrateful as he is :
Go you again then to Lord *Angelo* :
Seem as if won, and make the dark Appointment.
She shall supply your Place : the Act is just
And innocent, and must save your Brother.

Isa. But is she marry'd?

Fryer. We both assure you that : You sure may trust us.

Isa. I dare not doubt you. It grows near the time,
That he appointed me to come again.

Duke. Hail to you to him ; and from him to us :
You'll find us at St. *Luke's* at th' *Moated Grange*,
With poor dejected *Mariana*.

Isa. Your Blessings, and I'm gone.

[Exit.]

Duke. I have not patience of Concealment longer :
Yet I must stay to see the black Event :
But I have sent him Letters of my coming,
And that at Noon to morrow I reach *Turin*.
Now, my Good Father, let us haste to *Mariana*.

[Exeunt ambo.]

Duke.

*Measure for Measure.**Scene changes to the Hall in the Palace.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, and Attendants.**Esc.* All the Duke's Letters are contradictory.*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner:
His Letters show much like to Madness.
Pray Heav'n my Fears prove vain.*Esc.* To morrow Noon will shew it.
My Lord, if we have not tir'd you to day
With our harmonious and officious Love,
I hope you will partake this last Effort,
That may compose your Thoughts for pleasing Slumbers.*Ang.* I am not so unjust, Lord *Escalus*,
To flight my Friends Endeavours to delight me.
Besides, it is my Royal Master's Birth-day;
And that excuses this gay Loose of Pleasure.
Let them begin: — No *Isabella* yet?*[They all sit, and the Third Musick. Before 'tis quite done, Isabella enters.]*

The Third Entertainment.

SCENE, *The Ships.**Enter Sorcerers and VVitches. Enter Saylor.**Sorc.* **C**ome away Fellow-Saylors, your Anchors be weighing,
Time and Tide will admit no delaying.
Take a Bouze short; leave your Nymphs on the Shore,
And silence their Mourning
With Vows of returning,
But never intending to visit them more.

The Saylor's dance.

Sorc. See the Flags and the Streamers curling,
Anchors weighing, Sails unfurling,
Phœbus pale deluding Beams
Gilding more deceitful Streams.
Our Plot has took,
The Queen forsook: Ho, ho, ho.*Elisa's*

Measure for Measure.

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*Elisa's ruin'd; ho, ho, ho. Next Motion
Must be to storm her Lover on the Ocean,
From the Ruins of others our Pleasure we borrow:
Elisa bleeds to Night, and Carthage flames to morrow.*

*Chor. Destruction's our Delight, Delight our greatest Sorrow:
Elisa dies to Night, and Carthage flames to morrow.*

[A Dance of Wizards and Witches.

[Exeunt.

Enter Queen Dido, Belinda and Train.

*Dido. Your Council all is urg'd in vain.
To Earth and Heaven I will complain.
To Earth and Heaven why do I call?
Earth and Heaven conspire my Fall.
To Fate I sue, of other means bereft,
The only Refuge for the Wretched left.*

Enter Aeneas.

*Bel. See, Madam, where the Prince appears,
Such Sorrow in his Looks he bears
As wou'd convince you still he's true.*

*Æn. What shall lost Aeneas do?
How, Royal Fair, shall I impart?
The Gods decree, and tell you we must part.*

*Dido. Thus on the Fatal Bank of Nile
Weeps the deceitful Crocodile.
Thus Hypocrites that Murder act,
Make Heav'n and Gods the Authors of the Fact.*

Æn. By all that's Good,

*Dido. By all that's Good no more:
All that's Good you have forswore.
To your promis'd Empire fly,
And let forsaken Dido dye.*

*Æn. In spite of Jove's Command I stay,
Offend the Gods, and Love obey.*

*Dido. No, faithless Man, thy Course pursue;
I'm now resolv'd as well as you:
No Repentance shall reclaim.
The injur'd Dido's slighted Flame:*

*For 'tis enough, whate'er you now decree,
That you had once a Thought of leaving me.*

Æn. Let Jove say what he will, I'll stay.

[Exit Æn.]

Dido. Away.

To Death I'll fly, if longer you delay;

Measure for Measure.

*But Death, alas, I cannot shun,
Death must come when he is gone.*

*Cho. Great minds against themselves Conspire,
And shun the Cure they most desire.*

*Dido. Thy Hand Belinda, Darkness shades me,
On thy Bosom let me Rest,
More I would, but Death invades me,
Death is now a welcome Guest,
When I am laid in Earth, may wrongs create
No Trouble in thy Breast
Remember me, but ah! forget my Fate,*

*Cho. With drooping Wings you Cupids come,
Soft and Gentle as her Heart,
Keep here your Watch and never part.*

*Ange. I see my Ev'ning Star of Love appear,
This is no place to try my last Effort;
I so desire, that Force, if fair means fail,
Must give me ease. Wou'd you ought with me?*

Isa. I come my Lord on the same humble Suit.

*Ange. This is no place to hear you; follow me.
Now my kind Stars assist my fierce Desires
I ask no other Influence from your fires
O! Love! how much thy borrow'd shapes disguise,
Ev'n to themselves, the Valiant and the Wise.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

The End of the Third ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Angelo's Apartment.*

Enter Angelo and Isabella.

Ange. H Ad you not fear'd your Brothers fate, I had
Not seen you now, fair *Isabel*, which shews,
That you can pity him tho' you slight me.
He may that pity thank, but I your fear.

*Isa. My Lord, I hardly can my self forgive,
That I still sue to you to save my Brother.
But that I hope to wake your Virtue
To spare his Life, and to Reform your own.*

*Ange. How desp'rate all your hopeful Visits are?
You bring me Counsel still instead of Love,*

And

And wou'd in storms of Passion make me Wise ;
Pilots as well may preach to stormy Winds.

Isa. And yet as Tempests are allay'd by show'r's,
So may your Anger by my Tears be calm'd.

Ang. You must by yielding teach me to Relent,
Make hast, Night's fleeting progress will be done,
And then your Brothers gloomy Race begins.

Isa. Then he'l convey your unjust doom on high,
Before that Judge whose pow'r you use so ill,
As if 'twere subject to your Will like Love;
Where you will tremble to approach, My Lord.
The cruel here shall wish they just had been,
And that their seeming Love, had not been Lust.

Ang. These useles Sayings you from Cloisters bring,
But cannot teach so soon as you were taught :
You must example to my Mercy give,
Claudio shall live if you first save my Life.

Isa. Have you no words but what are good alone,
Because their ill is quickly understood ?
Let *Claudio* dye, while cruel you seem dead,
By being deaf to all that ask your pity
Till by long custom of forgiving none,
To all forgiveness you are grown Averse,
That in your own behalf, you shall refuse
To hear of Absolution when you dye.

Ang. How can you rise to such outrageous Storms ?
From such a modest calm of Bashfulness,
That suppliant Saints to Heaven did emulate.
Sure you have other Passions which provok'd
You can as ill repel. Oh ! for the pow'r,
The Charms of Youth, and of a graceful Person,
To stir your Blood, and rouse up your Desires.

Isa. This my Lord, is from our purpose.

[*Going.*

Ang. Stay.

[*He takes a Cabinet off the Table.*

Here take in this what still supplies Defects :
The Wealth of many Parents heap'd this Treasure.
In these behold Natures Reserves of Light,
Bright, as the starry Spangles of the Skye,
When Night dress'd finest in her frost appears.

Isa. They are indeed most rich and most surprizing.

[*Looking at 'em.*

Ang. Be in this World like other People, Wise,
And take this Treasure as your Beauty's due.
Wealth draws a Curtain o're the face of shame,
Restores lost Beauty, and recovers Fame.

Isa.

Isa. } These I will take as *Mariana's* due,
Aside. } And as a proof he cannot sure deny.
To him. These sparkling Diamonds do please me strangely!
Ang. Why take 'em, Madam, they are freely yours.

Isa. But what can I return for such a Gift?

Ang. What will not make thee poorer, yet me rich.
 I will not tell thee more to save thy blushes.
 I'll be as cautious of thy Fame as thou.
 Here take this Key, and two hours hence return,
 For now thou art known to be here with me.
 This will convey thee to the Royal Grotto,
 Where we in welcome darkness will discover,
 What I require for this Noble Present.

Isa. But my Brother, shall he too live?

Ang. He shall—No more of Doubts, he shall.

Isa. Oh! Heaven Sir, here take your Gifts again,
 There's Poison in 'em sure that they infect me.

Ang. No, no, away my Love, and when you come
 I will convince you, that they bear no Poison.

Isa. Well, I will come if only to restore them;
 For Oh! I fear the Guilt will like a Murder,
 Haunt my sick Mind till I restore 'em to you.

Ang. Never fear it, go.

Isa. But let there be no Light,
 For if there be, I swear by all that's good!
 Hah! how dare I name or think of what is Good,
 With such a purpose?

Ang. Forget these Scruples.

Isa. I shall do much to keep these glorious Jewels.
 But let there be no Light.

Ang. I swear there shall not.

Isa. Two hours hence Sir?

Ang. And in the Royal Grotto.

Isa. } I will not fail you — Oh! deluded Man,
Aside. } To think my Virtue can be bought by Trifles
 That Fancy only values — thy Wife shall have 'em,
 And thou shalt have thy Wife.

[Exit.

Ang. O! *Danae! Danae!* comprehensive Image
 Of all thy Sex, all spread their laps for Gold,
 Yes the whole Venal Sex is bought and sold.
 And she that with severest Virtue flies,
 Youth, Form, and Merit obstinately denies,
 Will yield to worthless Age, if Age will give her Price.

SCENE

SCENE II. A Garden.

Enter Mariana and a Maid.

Mar. O! *Mariana!* Sleep has fled thy Eyes,
And broken slumbers scarce refresh thy Spirits
Since *Angelo* is false. I wonder what Affairs
My holy Confessor can have with me
Thus late at Night! yet I with ease may wait him.
To amuse my Sorrows let me hear that Song.

The Maid Sings.

S O N G.

*Take Oh! take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.*

Enter Duke and Fryer.

Mar. Break off thy Song, and hast thee quick away;
Here comes a Man of Comfort, whose Advice
Has often still'd my brawling discontents.
I cry you Mercy, and cou'd wish you had not
Found me here so Musical, it sooth'd my Griefs,
But bred no Mirth.

Duke. Musick, my good Daughter,
Has power to soften Woe, refresh the Mind,
And make it fit for its more strenuous Duties.
Has any yet since Night enquir'd for us?

Mar. None, my holy Father.

Enter Isabella.

Duke. Oh, here she comes!
This Virtuous Maid fair *Mariana* brings,
Such wholesom means to cure your wounded Mind
That will secure your fickle *Angelo*.

Mar. What happy Sounds are these?

Duke. Inform her *Isabella* of the Matter.

They seem to Whisper.

O! Place and Greatness! Millions of false Eyes
Are stuck upon thee; Volums of Report,
Run with their false and most contrarious Censures
Upon thy Actions; thousand games of Wit,

[they Embrace.]

Make

Make thee the Father of their idle Dreams,
And rack thee in their Fancies.

Fryer. True, my Lord,
But seldom reach or ought affect this Greatness;
Men bark at Grandeur, but 'tis at a distance,
As Dogs do at the Moon—she hears it not;
Goes on her Round and peaceful Race of Glory,
Untouch'd by all their little Malice.

Duke. Well!

Mariana, how do you taste these means?

Mar. With Joy if you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not only

My Counsel, but Intreaty; but kind *Isabel*,
What have you here within this Cabinet?

Isa. This Cabinet, with all it holds is yours.
For you are his, and tho' he gave it me
With foul intent; yet, I as yours, receiv'd it.
And as a proof most certain of his Guilt

[*To Mariana.*

Duke. But as to time and place?

Isa. Within this Hour, and in the Royal Grotto.
This Key conducts you Madam, 'twill be dark,
Let not your stay be long; but say your Maid
Waits for you at the Gate, who does believe
You come about your Brother; remember that.

Mar. I shall—fear not your Brother.—

Duke. And gentle Daughter, be not you affraid,
He is your Husband, and it is no Sin
To bring you thus together; the deceit
In that is Justify'd, then quickly go
And reap the Harvest that your Friends have sow'd.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE III. *The Prison.*

Enter Provost and Claudio.

Pro. **H**ere is the Warrant *Claudio* for thy Death.
'Tis now past four, and before eight this Morning,
You must be made Immortal; I pity you.

Clau. Art thou then so capable of pity,
For that small pang of Death I then must feel?
Sure thou canst never just Compassion want,
For the extreamest Torture of the Mind.

'Tis true, I know the Brutal Deputy,

Forbids

Forbids my fight of my unhappy Wife.

But sure thou hast more soft humanity,
Than not to let me see her e're I dye.

Pro. I have the Will, but dare not disobey,
Or break my Oath, which does oblige obedience.

Cla. Such blind implicit Oaths suppose a Justice,
In what shall be commanded, else thou must
If he command, destroy thy Father, break
All the Laws, both Humane and Divine.

Pro. But in obeying here I shall break none.

Cla. Thou break'st the Laws of pity and compassion.

Pro. So does the Judge that sits upon the Criminal,
If with his Pray'rs unmov'd, he gives his Sentence.

Cla. That's with the Law, but sure no Law denies
Us liberty to take a parting look,
Before we seperate for ever. Oh! by thy hopes
By all that thou hold'st dear! by Heav'n I beg thee
Grant me this last request! thou shalt be by,
Hear all that's said, see all that we shall do.

Pro. Well, let me think a while!

Enter Duke and Fryer.

Duke. The best and wholsom'st spirits of the night
Surround thee Provost.

Pro. Thanks, my holy Father.

Duke. What Comfort is for Claudio?

Pro. He is a Judge inexorable.

Duke. He walks himself so straitly by the line
Of the severest Justice, that he thinks
All men might do the same.

This is a gentle Provost, 'tis seldom seen,
That the harsh Goaler is the Friend of men.
Have you no countermand for Claudio yet?

Pro. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning as it is,
You shall hear more e're morning.

Pro. I wish I may.

Enter Messenger.

Duke. This is that Lord's man,
And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My Lord has sent you here this Note,
And by me too this further charge,
That you presume not in the least to swerve,
Ev'n from the smallest Article of it,
In time or matter, or in any circumstance.
Good morrow, as I take it 'tis almost day.

Exit.

Pro. I shall obey him — I told you, Sir, my fear,

F

Lord

Lord Angelo perhaps thinking me remiss
In the performance of my Office, wakes me
With this, and that most strangely too methinks.

Duke. Pray let us hear it.

The Letter.

Pro. (reads).—*Whatever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed
by six this morning, and Bernardine by twelve; for my better satisfaction, let me
have Claudio's Head sent me by seven. Let this be duly executed with a thought
that more depends on't than yet you know. Thus fail not to do your Office, as
you will answer it at your peril.*

Pro. What say you to this, Sir?

Claud. You see how short a time I have to live,
Oh! let me Fathers beg you, by your order,
By the blest Saint that was your holy Founder,
That you prevail with him to let me see
My Wife before I dye, 'tis all I ask.

Duke. Gentle Provost, you'll not deny him that?

Claud. He fears, his Oath of strict Obedience ties him
To a denial.

Duke. Let me assure you no.

We will take all the guilt upon us two.

Prov. I'll trust to your opinion, Sir, I'll fetch her.

The unlocking of that door admits her to you. [*He unlocks the door.*]
Madam, you may come out to see your Lord.

Enter Julietta.

They run and embrace one another.

Jul. My Claudio!

Claud. My Juliet!

Duke. Let us retire and leave them to themselves.

We may be near enough to overhear them;
Besides I have some Business with the Provost.

Exeunt all but Claudio and Juliet.

Jul. Oh! my Claudio, do I once more behold thee!

Claud. This once, my Juliet, but alas no more!

The galloping minutes fly swiftly on,
That will for ever bear me from thy sight.

Jul. Oh! torturing sound! Oh! sad! Oh! narrow view
Of all my Life's dear happiness at once!

I cannot reach my heart the hateful truth.
What no more see thee? see my Love no more?

Claud. No more my Love——

Jul. Oh! say not thou so, for from thee it sounds
Unkindly harsh, and the least empty shadow
Of thy unkindness soon would break my heart!

Claud. Ah! thou art Love and Tendernefs it self,
Chast, humble and obedient to my Will,
If I had any Will that was not thine.

Jul.

Jul. Ah ! my dear Lord our Wills were so much one,
I had no use at all of my Obedience.

Clau. Thy Virtues, as thy Beauties are Divine,
And Heavenly goodness is in all thou dost.
Oh ! *Juliet* ! how happy have we been !
Within our selves we'd perfect happiness.
We built it not on the frail Goods of Fortune,
But thou alone were't mine, and only I was thine.

Jul. And yet curs'd fortune too has ruin'd us !
That stream of Life that fed our mutual joys,
This shock of Fate has thrown from out his bed,
And in thy Death choaks up its pleasing source.

Clau. Like a good Play, our first Act promis'd wonders,
But the false Deputy and Miser *Pedro*,
With envious guilty hands pulls down the Curtain,
And spitefully forbid the rest.

Oh ! *Julietta*, how canst thou forgive me ?
The cursed cause of this thy shameful woe ?

Jul. Oh ! rather how canst thou forgive me, *Claudio* ?
Who thus have brought thee to untimely death ?
To ignominious death !

Clau. Oh charge not thy dear self with such a guilt,
'Twas I, 'twas I alone, that caus'd it all.
Wretch that I was, oh miserable wretch,
That could seek ought but thee, tho it was thine !
Were not thy vertues, and thy wondrous Beauties
A Treasure large enough for my desires ?
But I must hazard those for dirt, and Counters,
O ! foolish Caution that regarded trifles,
And left my only Jewel so expos'd.
Yes, yes, I do deserve this hateful lot,
Imprisonment, foul Death, and every thing
That's ignominious, for so vile a Crime.

Jul. Forbear, my Love, thou couldst not see
This sad event, our Innocence could not fear
Those Laws, it ne're should break : *Laquins* absent,
And Father *Pierre* in *France* ! enough to prove
Our Marriage, had we time. Our Enemies
Deny me that, to rob me of my Dower.
Oh ! let them take it, and with it take my life,
If they would spare but thee. 'Tis I, 'tis I
That robb'd my *Claudio* of his noble Life !
Oh ! Heaven, I shall grow wild with the sad Thought !
'Tis *Julietta* murders her dear *Claudio* !

Clau. Oh ! do not grieve for what is not thy guilt,
It is Heaven's Will, and we are innocent !

Then grieve not thus, my Love, I hardly got
This short permission for my last farewell,
Which I wou'd use to comfort thy sad soul,
And not t'increase thy sorrows — Grieve no more.

Jul. Oh! Can'st thou love! And yet forbid my grief?
Thou deal'st not by me with the Rule of Justice.
Wou'd'st thou not grieve were I to dye like thee?
Yes, yes, thou wou'd'st, my *Claudio*, for my shame,
Thou fortify'd with innocence, just now
Shook thy dear Soul with Agonies of Grief.
And wilt thou rob me then of the sad Priviledge
Of my misfortunes?

No I will grieve as long as I have life,
For Life has now no joys t'appease my sorrows.
What can I see thee leaving me for ever?
For ever! oh dismal! curfed sound!
And part without a pang or tear!
No I'll indulge so just a grief, and melt,
Dissolve into a watry Deluge, that shall
Bear down the damms of Life, and drown my Woe.

Claud. Think of thy Child, which is a part of me,
Thou'lt murder that with thy excess of sorrow:
Preserve that Image of th' unhappy *Claudio*.
And if thou must be griev'd (for thou dost love me,
And it is just thou grieve a little for me)
Be moderate in it, for mine and thy Child's sake.
Think me but going a most happy Voyage,
To a blest Region of Content and Peace,
Where Innocence and Truth are undisturb'd
By cruel envy, avarice or pride,
There to make ready a retreat for thee;
Who at the night of this short day of life
Wilt follow me, and stay with me for ever.

Jul. Oh! oh! my heart. *Weeps, and shows great sorrow and impatience.*

Claud. Prethee, my Love, have patience!

Jul. Indeed I cannot help it!

Claud. Good Heaven assist thee, for thy grief unmans me.
And I dissolve in tears too, like a woman.

Enter Provost, Duke and Fryar.

Pro. You have enough convinc'd me.

Duke. Fear not, but do as I advise.

Pro. Time forces now your parting. *To Claud. and Jul.*

Jul. Alas! my *Claudio*, must we part for ever!

Claud. Oh! think not so, in Heav'n we sure must meet.

○ kind Provost allow a little time!

A little more, that we may gently part,
Not as if torn by force from one another.

Pro. A little and a little will be much,
And the Deputy in less than half an hour
Expects your head, these holy men attend you.

Ful. Oh!

Faints away, and they carry her off

Claudio. Oh! take care of her, her sorrows fall
With an oppressing weight upon her head.

Oh! holy Father, apply your Sacred Comforts
To her sad soul diseas'd with love and grief.

Oh! *Julietta!* Oh! most wretched *Claudio!*

Duke. Go after him, and mind my last direction. *Exit.*
We'll follow you.

Pro. I shall.

Exit.

Isabella (*within.*) Peace ho! be here.

Duke. The Tongue of *Isabella.*

She comes to know if *Claudio* yet be pardon'd,
And will be strangely startled at the contrary.
I'll send these Letters just now to Lord *Angelo*;
And let him know that I am now near home,
And that he attend me in the publick Hall.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. By your leave.

Duke. Good morrow, Gracious Daughter.

Isab. The better—giv'n me by so holy a man.

Has yet the Deputy sent my Brothers pardon?

Duke. He has releas'd him from this wicked world.
His head is off and sent to *Angelo*.

Is. This cannot be.

Duke. 'Tis so indeed, good Daughter.

But shew your wisdom in your patience now.

Isa. No, I will to him and pull his eyes out.

Duke. You will not be admitted to his presence.

Isa. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabella*.

Injurious World, accursed *Angelo!*

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
In every syllable a faithful truth.

The Duke comes home this morning, dry your eyes,
One of our Convent and his Confessor
Gives us this News, he has already carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*.

This Holy Father shall bring you and *Mariana*
Before the Duke, to the head of *Angelo*.

Accuse him home and home, nor be dismay'd
At what the Duke may say to search the bottom,
Be rul'd by this good Father and you're safe.

Isa. I'll be directed by you.

Fryer. Let *Mariana* and your self then meet me
Near the Palace, e're the Duke arrive.

Isa. I go to fetch her, and will not fail you.

Exit.

Duke. This day again I will appear at helm.

For *Angelo* I find would weed the vices
Of others, while he lets his own still grow ;
But I will soon let his false Reason know,
That he that wou'd the Sword of Justice bear,
Shou'd be as holy as he is severe.

The end of the Fourth Act.

ACT 5. SCENE I.

The Great Hall in the Palace.

Enter Angelo, and Escalus.

Ang. **T**Is now the time the Duke's expected home.
Why has he order'd we shan't meet his highness,
But wait him here, to give up our Authorities?

Esc. I cannot guess the reason.

Ang. And why should we proclaim an hour before
His entry, that if any claim Redress
Against Injustice in my Government,
They shou'd at his first entrance here declare it.

Esc. He shews you why, that none hereafter may
Trump up devices or complaints against you.

Ang. Well, I've obey'd him ; proclamation's made,
Good *Escalus* see all attend in order.

Esc. I will.

Exit.

Ang. This deed unshapes me quite, dulls all my judgment ;
A Maid of Quality deflower'd, and by one
Of my high Post, against the Law exprest,
That Law, that I enforc'd against her Brother.
Her shame indeed, aw'd by my Pow'r, secures me
From her reproaches ; 'tis true he should have liv'd
But that his honour might have ta'n revenge,
When he had known the Price his Life had cost.

Yet

Yet would that he had liv'd' in me 'twas murder
Tho done by Law.

Within.] Room for the Duke, room for the Duke, longlive *Vincentio*,
Duke of *Savoy*.

Ha ! he comes, my guilt,
Tho safe hid from him, makes me dread his Presence.

Enter Duke, Lords and Attendants.

Happy return to your Royal Highness.

Duke. Thanks, good Lord *Angelo*, on enquiry
I hear such fame of your great Justice, that
My Soul must as fore-runner of more just reward,
Now give you publick thanks.

Ang. You make my Bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh ! as I wou'd severely punish him
That shou'd betray my trust, and turn it
To base unworthy ends of Pride or Malice,
Of guilty Vengeance, Favour, Cruelty,
So must my people know, how I esteem
The man that does the contrary.

Enter Father Thomas and Isabella.

Fry. Now's your time, speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isa. Justice, Royal Duke, Oh ! pray regard
An injur'd (I fain alas ! would say a) Maid !
Oh ! hear me Prince ! Oh ! hear, and give me Justice !
Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Declare your wrongs.

Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice.
Apply your self to him.

Isa. Oh ! Royal Duke !

Hear me yourself, for oh, he has no Justice !
'Tis against him I claim it.

Ang. My Lord, her Brain

Is now infirm, having su'd to me in vain
For her dead Brother, cut off by course of Justice.

Isa. By course of Justice !

Ang. And she'll speak bitterly.

Isa. I will speak truth, however strange it seem.
That *Angelo's* forsworn, is it not strange ?
That *Angelo's* a Murderer, is it not strange ?
That *Angelo's* an Adulterous Robber,
A violater of unhappy Virgins,
A most deceitful dangerous Hypocrite,
Is it not strange ?

Duke. All all, most wondrous strange.

I/a. Yet, Royal Sir, 'tis all as true as strange.

Duke. Away with her, poor Soul, she's mad.

I/a. Oh! Prince,

I do conjure you as you do believe

A Heav'n to come, as well as Hell hereafter,

That you'll not slight my Cause as madness.

All that's unlikely is not sure impossible.

Hypocrisy were nothing, cou'd we see through it.

A Hypocrite may seem as grave, austere,

As holy, and as just as *Angelo* :

Then he may be a Hypocrite, a Villain,

If he's not, he's nothing ; but he is more.

Duke. If she be mad, as I believe no other,

Her Madness has the oddest frame of sense ;

Such a dependancy of thing on thing,

As ne're was heard in madness.

I/a. Oh! Gracious Duke!

Believe not that I'm mad, but do me Justice.

Duke. Many that are not mad, have sure less reason.

What wou'd you say ; come, to your complaint.

I/a. I am the Sister of unhappy *Claudio*,

Who in your service had receiv'd some Wounds,

But falsely accus'd of breach of a blind Law,

Was doom'd to death by him; in hopes to save him,

I begg'd, and pray'd, entreated, wept ;

These tho they mov'd not pity, mov'd his Love,

Which he confess'd, and urg'd, nay promis'd marriage,

Which, with assurance of my Brothers life,

Prevail'd with me, as to my certain Husband,

To yield what he commanded.

weep.

Duke. Go on.

I/a. But while his vows were warm yet on his Lips,

He takes my Brothers life, a fatal proof

How ill he meant to keep his other vows :

And finding by your Royal Proclamation

I must complain, or now or never, I could not

Resist the impulse of my injur'd honour.

Duke. By heav'n, fond Maid, thou know'st not what thou say'st,

Or art suborn'd against his well known honour.

First his Integrity stands without blemish ;

Next, how cou'd he punish what himself durst act ?

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice,

Thou com'st here to complain.

I/a. And is this all ?

Then oh! you blessed Ministers above

Do

Then oh ! you blessed Ministers above
Do me instant Justice-

Going.

Duke. You wou'd be gone :

But Guards secure her ; I will know the Spring
That set you thus in motion.

Isa. One that I wish were here, one Fryer Lodwick

Duke. I know him well, a man of truth and justice.

Fr. May't please your Highness I am here for him,
Who being detain'd by illness from this place,
Has sent me hither to oppose this Maid
And you shall hear her so disprov'd, that she,
Shall her own self confess it.

Duke. Let's hear this proof.

VVhy look you so concern'd , Lord *Angelo* ?
Do you doubt my Justice or my Love, or think
I'll suffer calumny to thrive ; come sit your self,
Be your own Judge — Fryer proceed.

Enter Mariana veil'd, and Maid with the Cabinet.

Fry. Here comes the proof, my Lord.

Duke. First let her shew her face, and after speak.

Mar. Pardon, my Lord, I dare not shew my Face
Till my own Husband bid me.

Duke. Are you then marry'd ?

Mar. My Lord, I am, and come to justify my Husband.
She that accuses her Lord *Angelo*,
Does of that very crime accuse my Husband,
And charges him, when I my Lord did hold him
Within these Arms my self.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mar. Not that I know of.

Duke. No ? you say your Husband.

Mar. I do, my Lord, but that is *Angelo*.

Ang. This is a strange Abuse ; let's see thy face.

Mar. My Husband bids me now, I will unmask.

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which you once swore was worthy of your eyes ;
This is the hand you took with solemn vows ;
And this the body that supply'd her place
This morning in the Royal Grotto.

Duke. Know you this woman, *Angelo* ?

Ang. My Lord, I must confess I know this woman.
And some years since there was some speech of Marriage
Betwixt my self and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her Portion prov'd less than promise,
But more especially for her ill name,

G

Since

Since which I've neither seen nor spoke with her,
Upon my Faith and Honour.

Mar. Noble Prince!

So may I meet the Blessings of hereafter,
As this man knew me as his wife this morning.

Ang. I did but smile till now: Good my Lord,
Give me the scope of Justice, I do perceive
These poor informing women are set on
By some more powerful to blast my virtue.

Duke. No more — Base *Angelo*, I know thee guilty;
I was my self contriver of this Scene, (*Angelo starts up.*)
As I had been to do *Mariana* justice.

Produce that Casket: Know you, Sir, those Jewels?
They were, 'tis true, design'd the price of Virgins,
But brought by that bright Maid to thy good Wife,
Who in her place deceiv'd thee in the Grotto.
This, this good Father, (that was my companion,
Whilst I disguis'd my self in their habit)
Can witness for me. I waited all this while,
To see if thy Remorse wou'd shew thy Guilt,
But thou art hardned in thy guileful Arts.
Have you ought yet to say?

Ang. Oh! my dread Lord,
I shou'd be guiltier than I am, to think
I can be undiscover'd, when your Highness,
Like power divine, has thus observ'd my actions.
Oh! hold no longer Sessions on my shame,
But let my Sentence pass on *Claudio's* Life
Be now my doom, I only beg for death.

Duke. And that's your due. Come hither, *Mariana*.
Say, was you ever marry'd to this woman?

Ang. My good Lord, I was.

Duk. Come hither, *Isabella*.
Your Fryer's now your Prince.

Isa. Oh! give me pardon,
That I your Vassal have employ'd, and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. It needs no pardon.
But yours I ask, that by delays surpriz'd,
Have lost your Brothers life. But he that judg'd him,
Guilty of breach of Promise, as of Lust,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, life for life.
We do condemn thee then to that same Block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, with the same haste..

Away

Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord!

I hope you will not mock me with a Husband.

Duke. It is your *Angelo* has mock'd you with a Husband.

For his possession's forfeited by Law,

VVe give 'em you to buy a better Husband.

Mar. I crave no other, wou'd no better man.

Duke. Speak not you for him, my resolve is fixt.

Mar. Oh! *Isabella*! if you e're knew love,
Assist my Prayers, and kneel with me to beg
This boon of the good Duke, and all my life
Shall be devoted to your constant service.

Duke. Against all sense you do sollicit her.
Shou'd she but speak, her Brothers Ghost would break
His deep pay'd bed, to take her hence with horror.

Mar. Oh! *Isabella*!

Oh, kneel but by me! lift but up your hands!

Say nothing, I'll say all. Oh, Prince!

The noblest Nature's mingled with some faults,
So may my Husband's. You have known his truth,
His Judgment, Will, Ability to serve you.
Oh, *Isabella*, will you then not kneel?

Duke. For *Claudio*'s death he dies.

Isa. Oh, Royal Sir!

Look on this man as if my Brother liv'd.

I do believe till he saw me, his Virtue

Might guide his rigid actions.

Mar. Most certainly.

Duke. Your suit's in vain: stand up, I have bethought me
Of another fault. Provost, how came it
That *Claudio* dy'd at an unusual hour?

Pro. I was so commanded.

Duke. Had you a special Warrant for so doing?

Pro. No, my good Lord, it was a private Message.

Duke. For which I here discharge you of your office.
Give up your Keys.

Pro. Oh, pardon me, Sir?

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
And yet repented it on more advice.
For testimony of which, one person
That shou'd have dy'd by private order,
I have preserv'd alive.

Duke. VVhat is he?

Pro. His name is *Bernardine*.

Duke. I wish thou hadst done so by *Claudio* too.

Go fetch him hither, let us see him here.

Ex. Pro.

Esc. I am sorry one so learn'd and wise,
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Shou'd slip so grossly both in heat of Blood,
And want of Judgment afterwards.

Ang. My sorrow equals yours, I crave not pity,
I merit death, and that I only beg for.

Enter Provost, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Is this that *Bernardine* that you have sav'd.

Pro. It is, my Liege, as like to *Claudio* as himself.

Duke. If he be like your Brother he is safe.

Isa. My Brother!

Cla. My Sister!

They embrace.

Duke. Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my Brother too, but fitter time for that.
By this, Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe.
Methinks I see a quickning in his eye.
Well *Angelo*, let not this success
To your ill deeds encourage your misdoing.
Cherish your Wife, she's worthy of your love;
I have confes'd her, and I know her Vertue.
Thanks, my good *Escalus*, for thy faithful services.
Honest Provost, thy care and secrecie
Shall meet a good reward; we shall employ thee
In a worthier place. Forgive him, *Angelo*,
Who shew'd the head of *Rangozine* for *Claudio's*;
Th' offence remits itself. Dismiss the company.

Esa. My Liege, before you do retire, I beg of you
To share the joy we have for your return:
The sudden notice cramp't our zeal to this.

Duke. If *Isabella* please we all will share it.
Come sit by me, I know thy Vertue Royal,
Thy House as ancient as thy Beauty's young.

They all sit. The last Musick.

The Fourth Entertainment.

*Phæbus Rises in his Chariot over the Sea. The
Nereides out of the Sea.*

Phœ. **F**rom Aurora's Spicy Bed
Phœbus rears his Sacred Head ;
His Coursers advancing,
Curvetting and Prancing.

1 Ner. Phœbus strives in vain to tame 'em,
With Ambrosia fed too high.

2 Ner. Phœbus ought not now to blame 'em,
Wild and eager to survey
The fairest Pageant of the Sea.

Phœ. Tritons and Nereids come pay your devotion,

Cho. To the new rising Star of the Ocean.

*Venus descends in her Chariot, the Tritons rise out of
the Sea. The Tritons dance.*

Ner. Look down ye Orbs and see
A New Divinity.

Phœ. Whose Lustre does outshine
Your fainter Beams, and half Eclipses mine.
Give Phœbus leave to Prophecy,
Phœbus all events can see.
Ten thousand, thousand harms
From such prevailing Charms,
To Gods and Men must instantly ensue.

Cho. And if the Deities above
Are victims of the Powers of Love,
What must Wretched Mortals do.

Venus. Fear not, Phœbus, fear not me,
A harmless deity.

These are all my Guards ye view.
What can these Blind Archers do.

Phœ. Blind they are, but strike the Heart,

Ven. What Phœbus says is always true
They wound indeed, but 'tis a pleasing smart.

Phœ. Earth and Skies address their duty.
To the Sovereign Queen of Beauty.

Measure for Measure.

*All Resigning,
None Repining,*

At her undisputed sway.

Cho. *To Phœbus and Venus our Homage we'll pay,
Her Charms bless the night, as his Beams bless the day*

The Nereids Dance. The Scene changes to a Grove. The Spring
appears in an Arbour, with her Nymphs about her.

Ven. *See the Spring in all her Glory,*

Cho. *Welcomes Venus to the shore.*

Ven. *Smiling hours are now before you,
Hours that may return no more.*

Soft Musick.

Exit Phœ. Ven.

Enter the Country Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

A D I A L O G U E

He. *Tell me, tell me, prithee Dolly,
And leave thy Melancholy;
Why on the Plains, the Nymphs and Swains,
This morning are so jolly.*

She. *By Zephirs gentle blowing,
And Grace of Venus flowing,
The Sun has been to Court our Queen,
And tir'd the Spring with wooing.*

He. *The Sun does guild our Bowers,*

She. *The Spring does yield us Flowers.
She sends the Vine.*

He. *He makes the Wine,
To charm our happy Hours.*

She. *She gives our Flocks their feeding,*

He. *He makes them fit for breeding,*

She. *She decks the Plain,*

He. *He fills the Grain,
And makes it worth the wooing.*

Cho. *But the Jolly Nymph Thetis that long his Love sought,
Has fluster'd him now with a large Mornings draught.
Let's go and divert him then whilst he is mellow,
You know in his Cups he's a Hot-headed Fellow.*

Enter

Measure for Measure.

39

Enter Morris Dancers.

Enter the Spring and Nymphs.

Spring. Our Youth and Form declare,
For what we were design'd.
'Twas Nature made us fair,
And you must make us kind.
He that fails of addressing,
'Tis but just he should fail of possessing.

The Spring and Nymphs dance

Enter Shepherds.

She. Folly Shepherds come away
To celebrate this Genial day,
And take the friendly hours your vows to pay.
Now make Trial,
And take no denial,
Now carry your Game, or for ever give o're.

Cho. Let us Love and happy live.
Possess those smiling Hours.
The more auspicious Powers,
And gentle Planets give,
Prepare those soft returns to meet;
That makes Love torments sweet.

Enter Mars and his Attendants, on one side, Peace and her Train on the other.

Mar. Bid the Warlike Trumpet sound,
Conquest waits with Laurel crown'd,
Conquest is the Hero's due.
Glorious Triumph will ensue.

Peace. 'Tis time for War's alarms to cease,
And Heroes Crown'd with spails,
Enjoy the Harvest of their toils,
And reap the happy Fruits of Peace.

Mar. & his Train Cho.) No, no! the love would have is so.
Fame and Honour answer— No.

Peace. Wherefore must the Warriour be
To restless Tasks assign'd;
Give others those delights which he
Must never hope to find,

Shall:

*Shall be, whose valour gain'd
The Prize in rough alarms,
He still condemn'd to arms,
And from a Victors share detain'd.*

Mar. Cho. Yes, yes.

Peace. Cho. No, no.

Mar. Cho. *Fame, Fame will have it so,*

Peace. Cho. *Love and Reason answer no.*

Peace. *Must he with endless toils be prest,*

Nor with repose himself be blest,

Who gives the weary Nations rest.

Mar. Cho. Yes, yes.

Peace. Cho. No, no

All. *Love, Reason, Honour, all will have it so.*

Cho. *Since it is decreed that Wars should cease,*

Let's all agree to welcome Peace.

The grand Dance.

*Duke. I am the last of my great race, and wou'd not
Leave my dear Country when I dye to strife ;
But that I may secure so great a blessing,
With equal hand to all I'll Justice do ;
Favour shan't blind my Reason, but Reward
And punishment shall wait on Guilt and Merit;
Impartial Justice, Kings shou'd mind alone,
For that 'tis still perpetuates best a Throne.*

FINIS.

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